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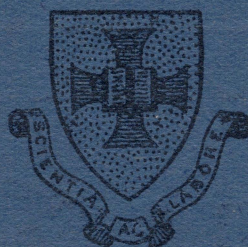
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THE
MAGAZINE

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND.



AUGUST, 1915.

Vol. III.

No. 2.

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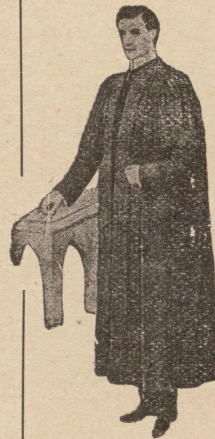
Editor - C. R. WONDERLEY.
Sub-Editor - C. H. H. JENKYN.

The Carter-Watson Co., Printers, 65 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane.

SCIENTIA ET LABORE

From its first conception—in the minds of men—to its present concrete form, the University of Queensland has evolved with marvellous rapidity—thanks to those who have laboured untiringly and zealously in its cause.

The taking of a degree in our University is no small matter, and it behoves the fortunate man to attire himself properly for Degree Day—so that he will look his best.



Rothwell's Ltd. made the first robe used in connection with the conferring of a degree at the University, that of the Honourable W. Kidston, also the robe of His Excellency Sir Wm. MacGregor, G.C.M.G., C.B., M.D., the first Chancellor. More recently they had the honour and pleasure of making the gown of the new Chancellor to the University, His Honor Pope Alexander Cooper, K.C.M.G., Chief Justice of Queensland.

Having been entrusted with such important commissions as these we have confidence in suggesting that you consult us when the time comes for you to get your robe.

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THE
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OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND.

Simul et incunda et idonea dicere vita.—

Hor., A.P. 334.

The War.

Within the last three months events of momentous issue have occurred, especially in that field of operations which most nearly concerns Australia. Less than three months ago all we knew of the Australian troops, was that some of them had left Egypt, and that some were expecting to go very soon, and we had some vague idea that it would not be long before they would be in action. The events that have crowded upon one another with such rapid succession from the 25th April up till to-day have, perhaps, supplied a greater contribution to the history of Australia than the events of many years of peace. The glorious work of the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade, and particularly the 9th Battalion (which is the pride of Queensland to-day, and will be the pride of Queensland for generations to come), and the subsequent deeds of all our Australian troops, are already matters of history; they have made precedents to be followed and traditions to be handed down to posterity through all ages.

Many of our comrades have responded to their country's call. To say that we appreciate their action, and that we hope that they will be spared to return to Australia, is too formal a phrase to give justice to our thoughts. Our wishes would be to give the owners of the names appearing below, a hearty and sincere shake of the hand, thereby expressing more than we ever could by a multitude of stereotyped phrases.

DIGNIS DETUR HONOS.

Students of the University of Queensland at present serving with His Majesty's Forces. (The editor will be glad to receive any missing details or corrections, with regard to the following list).

R. C. Aland, 2nd Lieut., Infantry Forces, Arts I.

D. E. Baldwin, Pte., L.H. Field Ambulance Eng. III.

Biggs, F. J., Eng. II.

S. S. Bond, Lieut., 25th Infantry, Arts II.

P. G. Browne, Pte., 26th Infantry, Arts I.

W. H. Bryan, B.Sc., Gunner, Artillery.

R. J. Cassidy, volunteered in England (Rhodes Scholar, 1913).

L. N. Collin, 2nd Lieut., 15th Inf., Arts II. (wounded—missing).

E. C. Cribb, Pte., L.H. Field Ambulance, Eng. II.

W. V. Diamond, Pay Corps, Military Board, Arts II.

W. F. Donisch, Lieut., Infantry Forces.

H. W. Dinning, B.A., Sgt., Mechanical Transport, A.S.C.

W. M. Douglas.

F. Fielding.

L. H. Foote, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Science III.

D. Fowles, Gunner Artillery.

J. D. Fryer, Pte., Army Medical Corps, Arts I.

T. Francis, Lieut. Light Horse, Eng. II.

A. E. Harper, Science II.

F. G. Haymen, Lieut., 9th Battalion, Eng. III. (killed in action).

A. H. Jones, B.A., Sgt., 26th Infantry.
 C. H. Jones, Pte., 26th Infantry, Arts I.
 N. A. Lloyd, B.E., Sapper, 1st Div., Eng.
 R. H. Mellor, volunteered in England.—
 (Rhodes Scholar, 1912).
 L. F. Macdonnell, Pte., Army Medical
 Corps, Arts II.
 J. A. Noble, Gunner, Artillery, Science II.
 E. H. Partridge, Pte, Infantry Forces,
 Arts II.
 J. A. Robinson, B.A., Lieut. 26th Infantry.
 F. T. Small, Sapper, 1st Division Engineers
 Eng. I.

E. A. Thelander, Sgt., 26th Infantry, Eng.
 II.
 C. C. Ward, Pte, 26th Infantry.
 G. Wilson.
 Members of University Staff—
 A. C. V. Melbourne, B.A., Capt., 9th Inf.
 R. J. Cholmley, B.A. (twice wounded).
 Member of Senate—
 Sir David Hardie, M.D.
 Members of College Staffs—
 A. W. Oakes, M.A., St. John's College.
 E. P. Norman, B.E., St. John's College.
 G. N. Croker, St. John's College.

Editorial.

The designation "men of words" cannot but be resented by that section of the University to whom it has been disparagingly applied. To all those who devote themselves to the study of classics, philosophy, etc., in a word, the higher humanities, "men of words," as compared to the students of engineering and science, whom the originator of this name would doubtless (and this is clear even to those not versed in Thucydidean antithesis) would categorise as "men of deeds," is misleading and unjust. Yet it is a mistake likely to arise out of a vulgar and narrow conception of the ideals of education. Deeds from the very earliest times have claimed, and will to the most distant future claim the lions share of admiration. If we are to infer, and the only natural inference is that an education in science or engineering is related to education in arts as deeds are related to words, it is our duty, our bounden duty, to protest against such glaring misappreciation of the good things of life. Such being the task set before us we are justified in digressing into the relative aims and ideals of arts on the one hand and science and engineering upon the other.

Scientific training is calculated to make the student a man of action. Consider what infinite possibilities there are in the way of action for a student who has advanced far in the sciences of Chemistry and Physics for example, or who has unravelled the deepest secrets of the intricacies of mechanical engineering. If action is the alpha and omega of our existence, he is a pearl of great

price; he is giant of worth. The study of arts, on the other hand, fits one to be a man of words. This is so far true, but if the criticism is to end here, one might reasonably conclude that the art student is but an ant beside his elephantine scientific confrere.

But let us examine further, and centre our thoughts on the subject matter of arts and science. The science student takes for the subject-matter of his endeavours nature—the eternal, immutable laws governing the natural processes, laws according to which the universe rolled on in its course long before men peopled this little planet and which will be observed after the last mortal has been consigned to the dust. If the whole population of the world were suddenly exterminated, or if all the knowledge, both that consigned to writing and that carried about in the heads of university professors and others, were suddenly to become non-existent, in a word if all learning died and had to be commenced afresh from its very rudiments, the advance made in scientific knowledge, increasing from generation to generation, gradually surmounting all obstacles, would reach and go beyond the stage that scientific learning has reached to-day. Newton's "Laws of Motion" would not be lost; they would become known as they are now, with this difference only, that some other name would be prefixed to them. The truths contained in the "Elements of Geometry" would be known, but would be immortalising some other name or names than that of Euclid. Such truths and laws are written in more durable

material than man can ever write them in.

With the art student it is different. The subject matters of his studies are the creations, the independent creations of the great minds of both ancient and modern times. His subject is literature created by man alone, dependent on man alone, not facts recorded and classified by man as the scientist does. To burn all literature would be the intellectual murder of the artist. Literature is the creation of man, and is written in no more lasting a memorial tablet than the records of man. Without his Homer, his Plato, his Voltaire, his Kant and his Macaulay, the artist is in a predicament, which is likely to result in despair. What constitutes intellectual greatness will always be a matter for dispute. In examining the greatness of ideals in different parts of learning we are confronted with the question: Is it a nobler work to have written the "Iliad" or to have discovered that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal? Both of these gigantic feats were of inestimable service to the world; which was the greater it is impossible to say. Fanatical scientists may "pooh pooh" the work of Homer, fanatical men of words may place Euclid's achievement on a par with the work of an intelligent child. We leave the question unanswered.

But the scientist (and here we are not wandering in the realms of conjecture) fails when he enters the study of a subject which is not laid down by the immutable laws of nature—and human conduct is such a subject. When a scientist does try to influence, regulate or criticise human conduct he is trespassing, he is attempting a subject unknown to him, and his efforts will, unless by accident, be attended by most unsatisfactory results. The conclusions he arrives at will probably be wrong, the premises by which he reaches them will most certainly be. Human conduct or morality is not reducible to a system of natural laws. It is a field of research which belongs exclusively to the artist. It has often been said that a country looks to its University for leaders. Arts students in particular are trained to become leaders of men. The richer and fuller development of the life of the citizens of a community de-

pends upon the directions given to them by, or the influence exerted over them by their true leaders, their literature and philosophy students, their men of words. This country has never had an opportunity of adequately realising the value of having in its midst a large proportion of men of words.

But at the present time of national danger when our very existence is at stake, when (to use Aristotle's distinction) our thoughts are centred on "living" and not on "living well," there is no room for an excess of men of words. Now anything that can contribute to our living is of primary importance, activities that have "living well" for their object must take a second place. At present there is great need for materials wherewith to repel our enemies. The scientists and the engineer can prove themselves immediately useful. It is known of what great service scientists and engineers are in the making of shells and explosives. The more scientists and engineers that are available for the country's use the better. The man of words has to keep himself in the background. It is true that work was found for the men of words, but the country was not calling for legions of them. They are useful, nay, indispensable, but their use does not vary directly as their numbers. But we trust that the time will soon come when the men of words will be reinstated in their dominion. How long this great war will last none can tell. Peace is not yet in sight. We are getting nearer and nearer to it as the ten thousand Greeks under the command of Xenophon, wandering over the pathless unknown mountains of Armenia, gradually drew nearer and nearer to the sea. When our nation in the near future is in a position to shout and re-echo "Thalassa Thalassa," when the realisation comes to the words of encouragement as they were of old given by Aeneas to his despairing comrades, *dabit deus his quoque finem*, when the godless Huns have been destroyed or humiliated, and the return of peace brings with it a return of prosperity, then will the men of words find infinite scope for their labours. They will overshadow in their importance the men of deeds, who have achieved their summum bonum, if their country is merely "living." The ideals of the nation will

have been raised as the outcome of this bloody incident in the world's history; the people will possess a stronger and more clearly defined national soul, will live a richer and fuller life, a life which

the scientists and engineers can aid but little in bringing to realisation compared with the mighty influence of their brothers of words.

College Notes.

EMMANUEL.

Little has occurred during this term to evoke praise, much that deservedly evokes censure. That money is not altogether an enviable possession we all know—Coleridge said that an income of more than £350 per annum was a curse, or words to that effect. We have found to our sorrow that even smaller sums than this can be so described. Owing to the unprecedented affluence of the College Association a pack of cards has been purchased. We were spared the trouble and expense of engaging a professional card instructor by one of the students undertaking to serve in that capacity gratuitously, and the result is, I regret to have to state, that the whole college can now play cards. All the students can play "five hundred," some of them have mastered the intricacies of euchre, and one or two of them are on their way to become capable exponents of a complex game known as "patience."

Again we have very little cause to pride ourselves on the sleeping capabilities of those who eke out their existence in a part of the college known as the Cottage. It is to be deeply regretted that punctuality at meal times is a custom quickly falling into abeyance. It is our contention—we lay it down with all the emphasis that we can—that for an 8 o'clock breakfast partakers should report themselves to receive their ration of porridge, etc., not later than 8.45 a.m. Whether our forcible expression of our views on this subject will lead to any gratifying result the future alone can reveal. Such things lie on the knees of the gods.

Our censure is further called forth by the invasion (probably by some street larrikins) of the room of one of our students one night when he was theatre-going, dancing, or engaging in some other equally frivolous occupation. On entering his room footsore and weary

(I mean that he was footsore and weary, not the room) towards the hour of midnight, he surveyed his surroundings; he had not been in there more than five minutes before he discovered that things were not quite as he had left them. (Let me here explain to those who are unacquainted with the situation, contents, and atmosphere of his room that one of the articles of furniture in it is an easy chair with a swing back spring underneath. This spring is attached to the bottom of the chair by four stout screws). He could not find this spring on his return. It was eventually found up the chimney, and the student whose misfortunes I am relating says he is almost certain that he did not mislay it there before going out. He concluded that his room had been entered during his absence. Also he was quite certain (had not the slightest doubts) that he had not filled his bed with chaff; other hands must have done it. Other hands were also responsible for the disappearance of the toilet appliances which at normal times adorn his dressing table. A full description of the multifarious atrocities perpetrated within the precincts of his room would be the work of a life time.

Our informal musical societies still continue to progress unabated. More musical instruments have been added to the previous ponderous list; many voices have been added to the conventional list of tenor, bass, etc. Rehearsal for Red Cross Society meetings and the like affords a glorious pretext to allege for breaking out into symphony.

Apart from those recorded above no incidents of any moment have occurred to break the dull monotony of our daily toil. I think I am guilty of no falsehood when I state that not a window has been broken, not a bed dissected, and not a bootlace displaced; our contentious spirit only finds play in our arguments. One controversy in par-

ticular has made it possible to divide the great thinkers of this establishment into pro-Turks and anti-Turks. The former resent with vehement indignation the base, underhand, and insidious charges made against the innocent, gentlemanly soldiers of the Crescent. The latter do not. The observations and ingenious inferences made by both sides on the subject of Turkish ethics and psychology will be given in detail in next issue.

JOTTINGS FROM JOHNS.

Since the beginning of this term, two more members of the College have joined the Expeditionary Forces, Mr. P. Browne has been allotted to the Infantry, and Mr. J. D. Fryer to the Light Horse Field Ambulance. We wish both of them God-speed and a safe return.

The College has also lost its oldest student in the person of Mr. E. H. Fischer, who has been appointed resident master at the Brisbane Grammar School. Mr. Fischer entered John's in 1912.

Friends of Mr. G. N. Croker, formerly tutor at John's, will be pleased to hear that he has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Mr. Croker, who was reported wounded, has returned to the firing line. Friends of Mr. Oakes, formerly bursar of the College, will be pleased to hear that he is safe and still in the firing line.

The religious life of the College shows a distinct improvement! At any rate, after various evening practises of hymns and psalms, the students sallied forth to St. Paul's Church, East Brisbane, on Sunday evening, June 20. The Warden had kindly reserved seats for us, and the congregation seemed to appreciate our singing.

The Warden has had a billiard table installed, which is greatly appreciated by the students. Already some of us have attained a creditable performance, though some still depend on their opponents' misses, for most of their scores. Altogether, billiards have become very popular, and the popularity seems to increase rather than decrease as time passes.

To the Warden and Mrs. Baker we are indebted for a very pleasant evening on Wednesday, July 14. At their invitation, we visited His Majesty's Theatre to see "Iolanthe," and passed a very enjoyable

evening. Altogether Gilbert and Sullivan Opera seems very popular at John's. The neighbours have the pleasure of hearing all the choruses without troubling to attend the theatre, and the fervour breathed into some of the sentimental songs could not be surpassed!

Our tennis tournament is gradually drawing to a close, and with a bit of luck, the results will be ready for next issue.

On Wednesday, July 21, Mr. J. Radcliffe dined for the last time at John's. After dinner Mr. W. Fischer, as president of the Students' Club, presented Mr. Radcliffe with a wristlet watch, as a small token of our esteem for the first Rhodes Scholar from our College. After the toast of his health had been drunk, Mr. Radcliffe suitably responded. His many friends will be pleased to hear that he has been admitted to Balliol College, where he intends taking up his abode at the end of the war. Mr. Radcliffe left for England on Saturday, July 24.

KINGS.

Another term has now passed, one in which there is little of note to record, save that several of our members have left us for different spheres of life. We wish them all they deserve.

All has been quiet, very quiet, a deadly quiet, except when relieved by plaintive whines which proceed from the depths of the common room. Investigation would, doubtless, reveal a sad-eyed individual of some corpulence, wailing "Drink to me only with Thine eyes," accompanying himself *uno digito* on our new piano.

Our biological member is at experiments as to the effect of malted milk on the human frame, especially on that part of the human frame from which his name is derived, in these experiments he has perforce, to retire to the solitude of his chamber.

Now that third term is approaching, doubtless, alarm clocks will be much in vogue. They may be had from us at cheap rates, for we have managed to develop one who (a) walks; (b) removes all bed clothes; (c) should that prove unavailing, applies water. Should that fail, he has only to use his voice, which is so perfectly mellow and refined, that we poor lowly mortals cannot fully comprehend the value

of those prolonged and plaintive wails, which call to their duty tasks the peacefully slumbering dreamers; yea, as in the case of Orpheus of old, even the dogs arise and follow in his swift retreating footsteps. Since our last lecture in semaphore, one of the shortest and most profane of our members, has become very proficient in the use of the semaphore. This we may hand over to those who wish it, as one of the indirect benefits of the war.

We have had a most remarkable case of "reversion to type." We have, as one of our members, one whom, on normal occasions, we could, I suppose, class as a fairly sane individual, although he is chiefly concerned with such abominations as reinforced concrete columns, struths, etc.

By chance the mattress of this individual once fell over the balcony. He, by force of habit, followed it (indirectly, of course). He found himself at the foot of a drain pipe. We can only suppose he had visions of a lofty cocoanut palm, and that with the instinctive impulse of the Simean tribe, he was at once prompted to climb. This he did, using all four hands. The mattress he carried in his teeth, as he could not find his tail. Our eminent biologist affirms that this is strong evidence in favour of the theory of evolution.

* * * *

Of our men at the front we could have reported good news of all, but word has just come from the military authorities that J. G. Hunter has been killed in action. We mourn the loss of a man who took a lively interest, and a prominent part in the life of the college, and we extend our sympathy to all his friends and relatives.

* * * *

The following is an extract from a letter received by King's from Fred Small. Unfortunately, Fred is now in hospital at Cairo, as his "football" knee has given way. His letter was written before he was sent into hospital.

"Some nights back the Turks made preparation for a massed attack at one point in our line. Talk about a spectacle! Our artillery began to play on their trenches, and soon the Turks' lines were just one mass of bursting shells,—one line of fire. Nothing could live above those parapets. The warships were sending over ten inch

shrapnels thus backing-up the field pieces and howitzers. One could trace the red glow of the shell as it sailed overhead. Now and again the trench mortar would send up a bomb that would blow the trench and any Turks in the vicinity to smithereens. While this was going on the rifles and maxims were sending out a perfect hail of bullets. You have no idea of the din. This kept up till daylight when all danger of attack was past. Joe Croker of John's, has got a star. He deserves it. He was badly wounded during the first day's fighting, but is once again "bunging in."

We saw a battleship torpedoed the other day. As the affair had to be, we were glad we did not miss the sight.

Norm., Allan Wilson, and I were having lunch away up on the hill, which was commanding just a small view of the harbour; but in that small compass we saw one of the tragedies that befall a navy. There is something pathetic in the sinking of these great ships. To us it was like the loss of a comrade. She had helped us to land; she had covered us during our advance, and at night she kept her great searchlight on our flank, sweeping the surrounding country in search of the enemy,—and now she is gone. Torpedoed! As I said, we were having dinner when Allan noticed a small shiny glitter on the water. Lloydie jokingly said it was a periscope, I said a jam tin. Anyway it disappeared, but a few minutes later Allan said: "She's got her lads," and as we looked we saw portion of the submarine, and a puff of mist. We then saw the wake of the torpedo, and a huge column of water alongside, and fair amidships of the ill-fated vessel. She listed to starboard, and sank in about twenty minutes.

"We know nothing of the outside world. We look to our friends to write. You people at home have not the slightest idea how much letters are appreciated here. They are our only joy—the one thing that lifts us out of the awful business in which we are engaged. If you have friends here WRITE, or send a paper or magazine. Some poor soul will thank you."

WOMEN'S COLLEGE NOTES.

We have been given short notice to write these college notes (note the pun), but the advent of Roger, the cat of

cats, the namesake of the great one, springs to offer us a beginning. Yet alas! it is not yet spring. Rattles is still in force, and Joseph's coat has many colours.

We have had a guest at College. Yea, truly, he is indeed here. "Hen flew" we called him in our youth. Now, aided by philosophical studies, we would make a correction; that is to say, for example, "In flew," for he makes long stays, and "hen" has nothing to do with it.

Do Classicists wake or sleep? No tutor—no lecturer—three blissful weeks—ye proses! have at you! But fate is sure, ye will come again.

There is a vast improvement at the College—an improvement of far-reaching importance. Warrawee may bathe itself in steamy water while the daylight lasts, but when night falls it is the turn of Chiselhurst. At some far distant day, mayhap, we'll all be able to be clean at once. But the Oskersholme tubs no longer cooee to us through the chilly breeze.

Two of our number now sit in the seat of the coy birds. We will watch their ways and learn.

As to the factory, is it wise to labour in shifts? All know the proverb that a rolling stone gathers no moss.

There are some who fear that the evil of the hob hails has already fallen.

Ask of them who roll the tennis courts and who utter strange sayings in their wrath—things stranger than the long tales of Rubra, retailed at the murky dinner hour.

A paean of joy let us sing. Oh! lovely indeed it is to get upon the road, on the flowery wayside (if it be not macadamised). Oh! joyous indeed is the light evening breeze and the soft shades of twilight grey; oh! marvellous is the soft beauty of Nature; but oh! how far more lovely is the appetising odour of a dinner nicely cooked when the car jibs upon the roadside and there is none to tow her home.

THE LATEST PUZZLES AT THE COLLEGE.

A tiny speck in a motor car—
Is it a dot?
Is it a spot?
The tiny speck in the motor car?

As you lie asleep and dream
On the balcony, all serene,
Is it a dream?
It comes in an endless stream,
It tramps round till you scream.
Is it a visitor?
Or
Is it a dream?

The thing on your feet at night
That gives you an awful fright.
Is it a dream?
That you heave right out of sight
When you scratch a match for a light.
Is it a cat,
That,
Or is it a dream?

The University of Queensland Sports Union.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

The short season has for the football club been entirely satisfactory. Of the five matches played we lost only the first, when we were beaten by Brothers A by such margin as to spoil our chances, under the present system of awarding points, of playing in the Hospital Cup match. It is interesting to note that last year in exactly the same way we were badly beaten in the first match by Brothers A, and that we were not again defeated for the season. Our form of this season in the last match against Eastern Suburbs, and especially that of the forwards, would be sufficient to justify the expectation of a repetition of the success of last year. At the time

of our withdrawal from the competition we were leading, together with Brothers A and Eastern Suburbs.

No interstate matches have been played during the season, but two of our backs, Messrs. G. D. Brown and E. Francis, were chosen in the team from Southern Queensland which toured the north.

Several of our members, in addition to those mentioned in previous magazine notes, have volunteered. Members of the football club will be interested in the extracts from Small's letter which appear in this issue.

The seconds have had as usual a chequered career, suffering defeat at the hands of Past Brothers by 25 points, and

gaining a victory against Nudgee by 19 to 6. The freshers supplied some excellent material, but a promising team was weakened by the constant demands of the First. A small minority of useful players could follow the excellent example of the majority of the Seconds, and by loyal support make the matches of their team a pleasure to all and an even greater credit to the University.

Although we have withdrawn from all competitive sport, in order to support the Rifle Club movement, it is the wish of the Club to keep the sport going by means of matches to be held on Wednesday afternoons. As far as possible a match will be arranged for every Wednesday afternoon, and it is hoped the full teams will be available.

R. A. P.

RIFLE CLUB NOTES.

While other clubs and societies constituent of University life have suffered from lack of interest owing to the present war the Rifle Club has received a great stimulus. This is but as it should be.

The late committee of the Rifle Club deserve credit for having first formulated a plan for extending the usefulness of the club by inviting members of other universities to come in. They hoped thus to be able to swell the numbers to a good working strength. But apparently the time was not ripe and it needed another later effort.

This was made by the Rifle Club Sub-Committee, appointed by the University War Committee, and has been successful.

The Annual Meeting was held on Friday 2nd July at which in addition to a full attendance of members, there were very many intending members. The proposals made by the Sub-Committee were considered and with some modification were accepted.

A new committee was appointed with Mr. Baxter as Captain, and on this committee devolves the task of carrying out the scheme formulated. This means drill every Saturday from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. together with occasional lectures at other times on subjects of military interest. It is not all work without fun, because often a considerable amount of amusement is derived by one section watching

the efforts of another. Then to it is most 'amusing' in skirmishing work to do a sprint of a couple of hundred yards while some lucky beggars on the other flank do two or three, and then as soon as you get there to return to your original position which has not got any nearer for the second sprint. It is rather disconcerting to stray couples who wander along the river-bank to find a straggling line of men coming towards them at the double. (This doesn't mean bent or doubled up, tho' in some cases it applies). But suddenly their fears are allayed, for one individual who appears to be too tired to run blows a whistle and waves his hand about as if he were trying to cheer or throw his hat up and had forgotten the hat. Then the whole line suddenly retires. So the work goes on. Too much credit cannot be given to members of the Sports Union who so whole-heartedly have given themselves over to make this a success. It meant that they had to sacrifice their afternoon's sport, and this too at a time when the Football Team was in a leading position for the premiership. We recognize the position of the University in the community as a leading element, and we are proud to realize that when the call came, students were willing to set the example to the rest of the sporting community and give up their sport so that they might "be prepared."

Another pleasing feature that deserves notice is the enthusiastic way in which all are working together. All distinction between staff and students is here waived and each recognizes himself as simply one unit of the whole, the preparedness and fitness of which depends on that of each individual unit.

H.

TENNIS NOTES.

As the third term is now quite close, one can say that the greater part of the tennis season is over. The anticipation of exams will soon begin to bring about a large decrease in the number of enthusiastic players who have on every possible occasion enjoyed healthy exercise on the courts.

Although not in the best order, the courts have well supplied a means of very necessary recreation, and, in addi-

tion to causing a deal of amusement by necessitating many 'freak' strokes, they have taught players to watch the ball right on to the racquet.

Towards the end of the first term the Rev. F. Rolland, an ex-interstate player of Victoria, spent a few weeks in Brisbane, and one afternoon came up to the Varsity courts. He exhibited some fine strokes, and caused it to be regretted that his visit could not be extended and other matches arranged on better courts.

Early this term it was decided to hold the Annual Tournament as usual. Although so few in number that it was just possible to hold all the events, those who entered were very keen.

Already more than half of the matches have been played and some exciting games witnessed. By the end of the term with good luck and fine weather it is hoped that they will be successfully concluded. Misses V. Forest, and A. Peterson were the successful couple in the Women's Double Handicap.

The University (AI and AII) teams have withdrawn from the Q.L.T.A. competitions in order to support the new movement which the Rifle Club has undertaken. And the (AI and AIII) S. L.T.A. teams, which have forfeited several matches lately, intend to play but one more match before following suit. The two Q.L.T.A. teams had played very well. The firsts were undefeated in the few matches they played, and the seconds with two defeats, were running third in their grade. The S.L.T.A. teams, though hampered considerably by the frequent changing of partners caused by the departure of two members to the front, and the absence at different times, of those liable to military service, have enjoyed themselves, played the game, and learnt how to take defeat, (on several occasions).

The Club's congratulations are due to Mr. R. Quinn who has been awarded a full-blue, and the Club's good wishes to Mr. J. N. Radcliffe, who leaves for England on July 24th, and intends to volunteer on arrival there.

As a closing remark members are urgently requested to take part in or help in another way, the Monster Patriotic Tournament, which the Q.L.T.A. are going to hold in August.

BOAT CLUB.

On the 15th May we entered a Maiden Eight and Maiden Four in the Q.R.A. regatta. For some unknown reason, the course was against the tide, which was about half ebb, and running strongly.

The 'Varsity and No. 1 Commercial crews drew midstream positions, whilst No. II. Commercial crew drew the North bank, and consequently rowed $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile out of the mill in slack water, thus winning from start to finish. No. 1 crew and ourselves thrashed out second place, which the Commercial finally won by about half a length, about one and a half lengths separated first and second.

The seating in the 'Varsity boat was:—P. H. Brown (stroke), C. R. Paterson (7), H. Scriven (6), E. Fischer (5), G. C. Wilson (4), E. C. Walker (3), W. Simmonds (2), G. Boyle (bow), A. D. Grimes (cox).

Brown (stroke), Walker (8), Scriven (2), Fischer (bow), Grimes (cox), also started in the Maiden Fours. After a hard, close race, they came second to No. I. Commercial crew, being beaten by half a length. The other crews retired.

The Roll of Honour has claimed another of our number—Mr. W. Brennan, our able coach and supporter, who fell in action in the Dardanelles.

At a Special General Meeting held on 20th July, it was decided, in view of the fact that other Sports Union Clubs had decided not to participate in fixture games, that the Boat Club should not enter in Regattas during the War.

This, however, is not meant to prevent midweek rows but rather to encourage them.

With reference to the Q. R. A's appeal for patriotic subscriptions, it is hoped that members will forward their donations to the Captain or Secretary at once.

HOCKEY NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Hockey Club was held in the Women's Common Room on April 6th. At this meeting it was decided that in future the annual election of officers should be made at the end of the academic year so that the right captain and committee could be chosen, instead of freshers voting for mere names.

Miss Brown was elected captain, Misses McIntyre and Stumm delegates to the Sports Union and Miss McDermott extra member on the committee.

The sports' representatives have wrung from the Union eleven new hockey sticks which were sadly needed.

Miss Bage kindly consented to act as coach for the year and we think it is hardly fair for her to come over and find a faithful few numbering about eight (maximum) of four (mini-

mum) so we dignified the weekly practice by the name of 'match, and a better attendance resulted.

The first match was played on July 12th between the Training College (Miss Lord, captain) and the University (Miss Brown, captain), and resulted in a win for the University by one goal to none.

We wish to thank the engineers for surveying a hockey field of proper dimensions and Miss Bage for her gift of goal posts.

The University War Committee.

ITS WORK AND AIMS.

Probably no effort has yet been consciously undertaken greater than the attempt by Germany to dominate the world by the creation of a universal state in which she would exercise a predominating influence. Vast as was the design, no less vast were the means whereby that design was to be carried out. Not only was the military organization complete, the resources and industries of the nation were brigaded and regimented for national service in time of war. A favourable opportunity for striking down all rivals was awaited with no misgivings as to the result of an appeal to arms. The German idea was a sudden attack, a swift rush and a speedy victory. The sudden attack was made, but the swift rush was stopped. Many thought and expected an early termination of the war in consequence.

But Germany was very far from being beaten. "A good general" said Napoleon "always has two schemes in his head" and the central European powers were quick to face the altered conditions.

A war of attrition had to be met. The German government grapples with the problem. The nation, trained to national service, responded to the call for fresh armies and equipment, and, in a remarkable way the saying attributed to Lord Kitchener, that the war would begin in May, proved true. Then the call came to our nation, chiefly on an urgent demand for munitions of war, artillery and shells.

It may fairly be claimed that Queensland was first of the Australian States

to become conscious of the critical condition of the operations of war. The Governor, Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, has the double advantage of being a soldier, and of having recently been in Europe. When it became apparent that the hopes of an early termination of the war were rendered vain by the tremendous effort put forth by Germany, His Excellency brought the situation before the Brisbane Chamber of Commerce at a meeting which they had for reaching consequences.

In the university there had been for some time past an uneasy feeling that something more should be done by those who are staying behind.

The idea and service, apart from active service in the field has been in the air. As is well known, immediately war was declared, the University Staff placed themselves and their laboratories at the disposal of the Defence Authorities, many suggestions have been discussed in regard to Rifle clubs and other work. But nothing definite has been done.

The speeches made at the meeting of the Chamber of Commerce especially that of Professor Gibson who had attended by invitation stimulated opinion in the university, and it was decided to take action and call a meeting of University men to deal with the position.

The meeting was held on 11th June, when it was resolved that a University war committee should be formed with the object of giving all possible assistance to the Defence Authorities during the war.

Three main points were put forward at

the meeting for consideration. These were:—

1. Organisation of National energy in the production of munitions of war. University 11.

2. Dissemination of accurate information concerning the causes of the war the actual course of affairs, and the problems which must be faced during the war and after its termination.

3. The training of officers and men to take their place in the field if and when called upon.

The first of these was entrusted to two sub-committees appointed to inquire into (a) the natural and industrial resources of Queensland for war material and (b) the organization of factories for the production of war material. Before these sub-committees had time to prepare their reports, the movement began to be felt at head quarters. The Associated Chambers of Manufacturers who had made a definite offer of assistance to the Government in the opening days of the war were approached officially by the Defence Department and in order that there should be no overlapping it was arranged that a combined executive should be constituted consisting of delegates from the Chambers of Commerce and of Manufacturers and the University War Committee, and that all reports of committees should be sent to the combined executive and should be presented by that body to the Minister of Defence.

This arrangement was carried out.

The resolution of the meeting of 11th June had been sent on to the Defence Department and acknowledged by the Munitions Committee on behalf of the minister. The munitions Committee stated that they would be only too glad to avail themselves of the war committees proffered services and would be grateful for any suggestions which they might desire to make.

The next step was the summoning to Melbourne of Captain Richard member of the Senate, and Professor Gibson as the Queensland Delegates to an inter-state conference in Melbourne presided over by the Minister of Defence.

The suggestions made at this conference are practical and far reaching. They cover the ground under the first head and aim at co-ordinating the activities of the State and of all its citi-

zens and directing them to the one end of bringing the war to a successful close at the earliest possible date.

To deal with the matters included under the second head a publicity sub-committee was appointed and commenced operations at once.

In response to a request of writers of articles and pamphlets and of speakers at meetings, a number of undergraduates have undertaken the work required. Many valuable and illuminating articles have been published and more are yet to come. Public meetings have been arranged in Brisbane and elsewhere. Chief of these so far has been the big meeting in the Exhibition Hall on Monday 19th July.

The third of the above heads was entrusted to a sub-committee to extend the usefulness of the existing Rifle club.

Root and branch reform has been carried out ruthlessly by their sub-committee with the hearty approval of all connected with the Rifle club, which is now an honourable activity in the university.

The decision to cancel all sports fixtures in order to devote the time to drill will only reflect credit on all concerned but is a valuable object lesson to the sporting community whose general happy-go-lucky absent-minded-beggar attitude is not affected by trifles such as war and battle.

The University war committee has entered into an agreement with the Queensland recruiting committee for mutual support when possible and a number of undergraduates are helping the recruiting committee by preparing lantern slides.

So far the work of the University War Committee has been preparatory and comparatively easy. But the real task is yet to come. The problem which faces the community is how the strain of war is to be met without throwing out of gear the commercial and industrial life of the State. Sacrifice there must be. The spirit of the people will surmount all that. But all must be undertaken under wise guidance otherwise noble efforts will be thrown away. The university has its work to do in helping to make certain that there shall be no waste energy in the work of bringing the war to an end.

Book Talk.

Dear U.Q.M.,

The Compleat Angler: or The Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing, Not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers.

So runs the title of one of those reverend books for which we reserve places of honour on our shelves; their great names are part of the literary tradition; the sight of them against our walls ministers to our complacency; but we seldom take them into our hands and, for all that we know of what is between their covers, they might just as well be back on the bookseller's counter. My "Compleat Angler" must have been standing in decent patience between Hooker and the "Religio Medici" for some years before I took it down with serious intentions. It happened that the pressure of matter demanding to be read had eased for the time, and in a lucky moment my glance fell upon the green-and-gold volume. I congratulate myself upon that leisure moment and that fortunate chance: they brought me several hours of pure pleasure.

The "Compleat Angler" is a technical treatise; and there is at once the worst that can be said of it. It is, of course, a sufficiently formidable worst, for your technical treatise is a thing to be shunned, a desolate place into which you go only when driven by necessity. It is not to be denied that in the middle of two or three pages of, for instance, Piscator's minute directions for the manufacture of flies and the arming of the hook, the attention of the lay mind sometimes flags. This is to be expected: the surprising thing is that there should not be more of the dry detail. For we are not to forget that Walton did not know he was writing "belles lettres." He thought it was a guide to angling. In any case his technical intervals are not numerous, and he very soon recaptures us and carries us along with him again.

All the rest of him is pure virtue. His book takes you into right English meadows. The sun and the wind, birds making melody around you, and the stream murmuring in front—this is the setting for his quaint tales of the haunts and habits of fish, his apt quotations from the verses of "holy Mr. Herbert"

and others, and his naive moralisings. Much of the information and advice he gives will bear the criticism of anglers of to-day, though some of it is scientific mythology; the whole of it is intensely interesting. This is the sort of thing: "I shall tell you next, for I hope "I may be so bold, that the tench is the "physician of fishes, for the pike especially; and that the pike, being either "sick or hurt, is cured by the touch "of the tench. And it is observed that the tyrant pike will not be a wolf to "his physician, but forbears to devour "him though he be never so hungry."

The complete absence of anything like hurry is refreshing to us of the twentieth century. On the banks of those brooks Time seems to saunter. The follower of the Contemplative Man's Recreation pauses to savour life. The days sport done, if you are for a draught "red cow's milk" and a pastoral ballad sweetly sung—"Come shepherds, deck your heads" or "As at noon Dulcina rested" or "Chevy Chase," there is pretty Maudlin the milkmaid ready with both not many steps out of your way. But Piscator will not have you loiter. "I'll now "lead you to an honest ale-house where we shall "find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows and twenty ballads stuck about the wall." There a "both cleanly and handsome and civil "hostess will dress the catch—under the life of Piscator. And you are to know that the cooking is an operation to be gone about with bated breath: There is a page of nice details for your guidance. Then, all things being ready, with what relish will he sit down in his cleanly room, lavender-scented, before a dish which, as he says in his genial arrogance, "is too good for any but anglers or very honest men."

And the book's manner fits the matter. The cool clear English in which it is written has a movement for all the world like the flow of one of the streams from which Piscator has beguiled the red trout. Extracts would not keep you to appreciation. You must plunge deep into the book and get the tone of it. As Lamb said, "It would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it." For the present time it is particularly good medicine.

I have lately been reading, with a

great deal of enjoyment, Froude's "Short Studies on Great Subjects." Probably every man interested in books, however wide his range and catholic his taste looks with a certain proprietary instinct upon some particular prose writer, partly as ideal, partly as affinity, in some degree as a sort of literary patron saint. I am wondering whether Froude is mine. He has certainly struck my sense squarely in the centre as no other essayist has done. There are others I admire more—everyone admires, for instance, with stock admiration, Lamb, Stevenson and Matthew Arnold—but no other awakens a like response in me, or articulates so much of my half-thoughts. Whether or not Froude was a great historian does not concern me: as a maker of literature his place is established, which is all I care to know. One quality which distinguishes Froude for me from all other writers is a slight tartness of flavour. It is not in any sense bitterness, but rather that element which is just perceptible in the words of one who is attacking established opinion and, hardly expecting you to agree with him, cares not at all whether you do or no. It piques the palate very agreeably. The following extract is not a very notable example of it, but perhaps it will serve. It comes from a passage on the subject of "Monastic Asceticism." "We have got a notion that the friars were a snug, comfortable set after all; and the life in a monastery pretty much like that in a modern university, where the old monks' language and affection of unworldliness does somehow contrive to co-exist with as large a mass of bodily enjoyment as man's nature can well appropriate; and very likely this was the state into which many of the monasteries had fallen in the fifteenth century. . . . but long, long ages lay behind the fifteenth century, in which wisely or foolishly these old monks and hermits did make themselves a very hard life of it," and so on.

Froude has been criticised for dogmatic utterance. But if a man's opinions are reasonable, and reasonably argued, I cannot see that we should be aggrieved if he make them into a gospel. It is unquestionably better to err in that direction than on the side of hesitancy, and, in Froude's case at all events,

authority of accent contributes to the impression of the writer's mastery of his subject.

The essay I enjoyed most was, I think, that on the Armada. The story is told from the Spanish side and succeeds in attracting our sympathy and respect to the gallant men who failed so disastrously before the genius of Drake and the storms of Heaven. The attitude of most of us towards Philip and the pain of his day is, I suspect, strongly influenced by the views of Amyas Leigh and Salvation Yeo, and it is for our health that Froude should shew us another Spain and another Philip: A Spain of chivalry, of the courteous gentlemen who stood reverently about the death-bed of Richard Grenville, and a Philip who was not at all a fiend in human shape, but a weak honest man, a born bungler trying to do his best. Froude has, without any question, a genius for narrative. We follow with him the Spanish galleons floundering through the fierce seas on the long way home, already battered by English shot and ill-prepared for the more formidable anger of the elements, with crews in the clothing of southern Europe shivering in the cold of those high latitudes and menaced by starvation, driving blindly through uncharted waters, the majority of them to meet their end upon the bared teeth of the Irish coast. Forgetting the mission of the Great Armada and the peril whom Drake's men averted, we wait for the crash of the end with checked breath, and when ship after ship has broken her back upon the wild coast, and the half-drowned survivors of her crew have been murdered by the savages of the place, these children of the Inquisition, these wielders of the faggot and the rack, these Spaniards, are become to us almost "dear dead friends."

The Sixteenth Century is Froude's favourite ground. From that eventful period of our history he draws most of his "great subjects." On Reformation topics, of which he has several, there is never any doubt of the cause with which his sympathies rest, but he delights to take some one of the not infrequent exceptions to the general rule of corruption, and hold him up to our admiration. He loves a good man as well as a great principle. The writer of the historical essay has this to his advantage, that

he can always assume, without the need of creating it, the reader's interest in his subject; if he has ability in the treatment of that subject and high literary power, he can hardly fail of success. Both of these things Froude possesses in an eminent degree.

Some weeks ago I took up a book of poems and came upon this stanza:

"For evil news from Mablethorpe
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the town;
But when the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

It captured me at once. The book was "Poems by Jean Ingelow," and the lines quoted occur in "The High Tide." I had never seen anything of Jean Ingelow's before, and had no notion of the subject-matter of the poem, but that fragment of seven lines sang musically in my ears. In the first place (as analysis is not always unprofitable) "Mablethorpe" is a good, mouth-filling sound. Then "galleys"—what a potent word this is! It is like some

"Magic casement opening on the foam
Of perilous seas."

When it is "pyrate galleys"—and in the old spelling—the riches become almost embarrassing. And there is more matter still. How are pyrate galleys "warped" down? No, I have no wish to be enlightened; the reality cannot be half so thrilling as the vague idea I have of the process. To me the words bring a picture of some doomed community watching with trembling the slow dreadful approach of an enemy, before whose strength and cruelty it is helpless. The effect of the first two lines is sustained by the remaining ones. I had the stanza by heart before turning to the rest of the poem. In it I found several other verses of equal appeal. Is it worth while to quote two of them, leaving you to supplement them for yourself if so impelled? I think so. And with them I shall make an end.

"I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
'Elizabeth! Elizabeth!'

(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth).

So farre, so fast the eygre drave

The heart had hardly times to beat,

Before a shallow, seething wave

Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:

The feet had hardly time to flee

Before it brake against the knee,

And all the world was in the sea."

Yours,

BOOK WORM.

University War Committee.

PUBLIC SUB-COMMITTEE.

MINUTES OF FIRST GENERAL MEETING.

Professor Michie in the chair (the only one. The rest sat on bayonets for the sake of effect).

The Secretary (Mr. Stables), reported having received from Adam Snub, Esq., a letter, in which he intimated his willingness to write for publication an article on the unsatisfactoriness of the General Situation, especially in recruiting matters. Also he had received a like offer from Jehovah.

Kaiser's teeth Pharisee, Esq., for an article on the "Sins of the Barbarous Germans."

The president, calling for a discussion of this correspondence, Miss Bage declared that the first article sounded alright, though she did not like the gentleman's name, which she supposed indeed, he couldn't help, but the second she thought would be an insult to the Germans as a nation, and as such ought not to be tolerated by any body of law-abiding citizens.

Mr. Mayo objected to the title of the second article, because it contained a question-begging epithet, which could not be tolerated by any reasonable being, such as a member of the Queensland University was supposed to be. Professor Priestly hereupon asked the speaker to explain his meaning more lucidly.

Mr. Mayo: "I mean simply what I say. The epithet 'barbarous' contains an expression of personal animosity, which, be-

ing put forward without logical support, in an unwarranted and aggressive manner, begs the question at issue. Do you see it now?"

Prof. Priestly: "No! I'm hanged if I do!"

Prof. Michie: "Perhaps, sir, you would understand the point better if it were stated as a case of what you would call, in the terminology of the empirical sciences, 'Post hoc, non ergo propter hoc.' That is to say—"

Mr. Mayo: "I fear, Mr. President, that you are yourself misunderstand the question at issue."

Mr. Alcock: "Surely it is simply an ordinary case of wrongful intitution, a matter which, legally speaking, would ultimately be dealt with in the extraordinary sittings of the Police Magistrate, assembled as a Court of Criminal Appeals."

Mr. Mayo: "Your statement of the question, sir, though possibly convincing to one who understands its sphere of reference, is irrelevant to the present circumstances."

Mr. Alcock (excitedly): "Your words, sir, imply a disgraceful argumentum ad hominem, which should, under less rational circumstances, be answered by the argumentum ad baculum!" (At this point several members rose to interpose).

The President: "Order, order! Will gentlemen please be seated?"

All subsiding Miss Bage asked: "Will someone inform the meeting what is the question under debate?"

(All being dumfounded by this request, and no one attempting to answer).

The President said: "The motion lapses for want of a definition. We will now proceed to the next item on the menu,—to wit, a motion standing in the name of the Rev. Scott-Fletcher, "That this sub-committee views with the deepest disgust, the present iniquitous traffic in golliwogs." This was transparently exposed by the mover in a speech of great clearness, force, and eloquence.

THE FIRST ADJOURNMENT.

The meeting had commenced at 3 p.m. As it was now 4 p.m. the debate on the motion was adjourned till after afternoon tea, which was now brought in on a war map, to the tune of "The Victuals are coming, what ho, what ho!" all rising and receiving it open-handed. Whilst mem-

bers were recovering from this refection, the Rev. Baker beguiled the company with a song ("My Aunt Sally, She Had a Dream,") with a step-dance accompaniment by Miss Bage.

On resuming, Mr. T. Jones spoke (confidentially), to the motion.

He said, that it was not the principle of the taking that he objected to, but the propriety of the present methods of carrying it out, which, he said, was often made an excuse by young women, under the banner of patriotism, to flaunt their impudence before the eyes of the public. They could only stamp this out by looking at it in the cold light of common-sense. (The orator here punched the table viciously with his fist, whereupon his auditors woke with a start, and applauded. Encouraged by this, he continued.) It was in an emergency like this that the University War Committee Publicity Sub-committee came in. There could, in this case, be no doubt as to the direction in which their duty pointed. It stared them in the face. Their part must be to so organise public opinion . . . (The reporter here fell asleep himself. The members of the University War Committee Publicity Sub-committee were already snoring. For this reason the next 10 minutes of the meeting cannot be chronicled.) Then the band played, and the reporter awoke to hear Mr. Mayo drawl out,—"We come now, therefore, to our second heading." On the other side of the table, Miss Bage was looking about sleepily for her knitting needles, which she had dropped, while the Rev. Baker was on his knees under the table, searching for his pipe. The Revs. Glaister and Scott-Fletcher yawned out together, "Alleluia!" On the speaker resuming his seat, the Rev. Glaister spoke for 40 minutes, chiefly about the weather and the young ladies who had come round collecting at Emmanuel College. He was then ruled out of order by the president, who wanted to ask him for the loan of a match.

The President, having lit his pipe, declared that 'the motion would not be put.'

A show of hands taking place, it was rejected overwhelmingly by a large majority.

SECOND ADJOURNMENT.

It being now 6.30 p.m., an adjournment was made, on the motion of the Rev. Baker, to an adjoining room for dinner. We re-

frain from giving the menu, or the process of disposal thereof, in detail, as it would take up too much space. The toast list was as follows:—

"The King,"—Professor Michie.

"The University of Queensland War Committee, Publicity Sub-committee"—Mr. Stables.

"The Day We Celebrate"—Mr. Alcock.

"The Cause We Support"—Rev. Glaister.

"The Room We Dine In"—Mr. Mayo.

"The Men We Delight to Honour"—Miss Bage.

The speakers, on the whole, were of a rather lugubrious turn of mind, but all the toasts were drunk with tremendous emphasis, and all were encored, some a second time, but unofficially. During the course of the evening, Miss Bage gave an exhibition of "The War Dance of the Warrior Wahabees," which was much appreciated.

Next, a squad, consisting of the Rev. Scott-Fletcher, the Rev. Glaister, the Rev. Baker, Mr. Mayo, and Mr. Alcock, under the able baton of Mr. Stables, gave an exhibition of military drill and manoeuvres.

Then the Rev. Glaister and Mr. Alcock gave a duet, entitled, "Two Little Girls in Blue, Lads!" and followed this, by way of encore, with "Over the Hills and Far Away," a rag-time extravaganza, hot from the music-halls.

Finally, Mr. Mayo delighted the assembled company with an enjoyable discourse on, "The Resolution, by reduction to two contradictory antinomies of the transcendental sentience, of the paralogism of the self-sufficing subliminal consciousness, as exemplified in the synthetic unity of apperception." The accompaniments were played on the tin-whistle in spasmodic rhythm by Prof. Priestly.

This address concluded, since the rest of the company were discovered to be sleeping peacefully under the table, Professor Priestly and Mr. Mayo escorted Miss Bage home, arriving there at 3 a.m. They then gave the fire-alarm, and the brigade arriving, doused the Sub-committee with a hose, and having thus with difficulty aroused them, dismissed them home with a caution, not to offend again.

This concluded the business.

(By the Special War Correspondent of the 'Varsity "Times.")

University of Queensland Union.

President—Mr. B. H. MOLESWORTH, B.A.

At the end of last term it was decided to hold a social function for men students of the University. This was to take the form of a Smoke Concert. But so poor was the response from the men students, that it had to be abandoned. Surely if the Union is to carry out its work successfully, it must meet with better support than this, and it is hoped that in the future it will.

An innovation was made this year in the appointment of representatives of the Union in the different faculties. Through these should come the subscriptions from the members of these faculties.

At the last Committee Meeting the resignation of Mr. E. C. Holdaway, as Treasurer, was accepted with regret. He was compelled to resign owing to pressure of other business, and in him we lose a conscientious and energetic worker.

The position of Vice-President has been filled by Mr. J. H. Baxter.

Reports of the various constituent bodies will be found elsewhere.

WOMEN STUDENTS' CLUB.

Since the last issue of the magazine a revolution has taken place in our Common-room. We have established a Red Cross Branch in our midst, and now every Thursday one sees a continual stream of all kinds of knitting and sewing come in, and hears nothing but cries for more wool. The atmosphere is no longer permeated with logical arguments and classical discourses, but with such exclamations as "I've dropped a stitch" rising above the hum of the busy sewing machines, which the manager of the Singer Company has kindly lent us.

During the term the club arranged an entertainment in aid of our Red Cross Branch and "Scenes from Cranford" was staged. This was much appreciated by all present, and we wish to

thank Mr. and Mrs. Mayo, Miss Bage, Miss Violet and Master Roger Gibson, and all the undergrads, who helped make it such a success. As a result of our efforts we handed over the sum of £7 1s. to the Red Cross treasurer.

At a general meeting of the club held in the middle of the current term it was decided to form a branch of the Australasian League of Honour, of which Miss McDermott was elected enrolling officer. We hope the League will be as successful in Queensland as it has been in other States.

It would appear from the above list of activities, together with the usual hardships of the undergrads., that our time was fully taken up, but alack! more work still was to fall on our shoulders. Since the University War Committee has been formed we have learnt the intricate nature of clerical work, and every hour in the day sees some of the women busy in the War Office.

Can anyone be surprised that the women were not prepared to make lantern slides?

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Musical Society continues in its usual 'course'. A concert is being prepared and more practices are consequently held. The return to some of the simple folk songs has been a success, the spirit appealing no less than the melody.

The male voices are stronger than usual this year, and at times produce a fine effect, rolling out a thunderous "Comrades laughing" or "Comrades in arms."

After several years of fine service Miss Baird has resigned from her position of pianist. Miss Andrews is filling her place exceedingly well.

Notes.

In a previous issue reference was made to the death of Lieut. F. G. Haymen, one of the first Australian officers to fall at the Dardanelles. Private H. Holloway of the 9th Battalion, writing to Mr. M. G. Haymen, thus describes the

landing at Gaba Tepe and the circumstances in which Lieut. Haymen met his death. "We were subject to heavy fire from the fort and rifle fire from the ridges while disembarking from the destroyer and lost some men. From the word 'go' Mr. Haymen proved a leader that any of the boys would follow. We are sorry to lose such a popular officer, especially his own platoon. Mr. Haymen was shot between 5 and 6 p.m. on Sunday, April 25th. He was returning to cover; he had been out in the open observing."

* * * *

One of the many effects of the war upon our University has been the departure for the front of Mr. R. J. Cholmeley, B.A., our lecturer in classics. Without the familiar form traversing the corridors with trailing gown, and with a Liddel and Scott under his arm, the University seems a different place. An Englishman to his very fingertips, a man who revered the traditions and the greatness of the British Empire, Mr. Cholmeley was a concrete example of the intense and sincere patriotism which pervade the long-established seats of learning in the mother country. Since the very beginning of the war, nothing was left undone by him which might further the cause of the Empire and awaken in apathetic Australians a sense of national pride and duty. We had to thank Mr. Cholmeley for an article which occurred in the last issue of the magazine, "The War and The Nation," and it is not difficult to reconcile the thoughts contained in it with the noble spirit which, not content with teaching by precept alone, added the much more cogent argument of personal example. Needless to say we wish Mr. Cholmeley every success, and within a short time we hope to see him reading the funeral speech of Pericles and the orations of Demosthenes with an added fervour inspired by experience in a war which, like many of the wars of antiquity, is being waged between autonomy and the domination of military autocracy.

* * * *

Mr. Cholmeley's place will be taken by Mr. S. Castlehow, B.A. of Oxford, who was one of the first Rhodes scholars to go from Australia, and who has up to

the present been vice-principal of St. Andrew's College, Sydney. Mr. Castlehow has not yet arrived to take up his duties, but is expected in the near future.

* * * *

We have received from Messrs. Angus and Robertson, Ltd., Sydney, a book compiled by Lieut. R. Stupart, entitled "The New Company Drill Simplified." This small volume, which can be purchased for 1/9, is well worth perusal, dealing as it does, with squad, section, and platoon drill, and being admirably illustrated with diagrams depicting the various movements with the greatest clarity of detail. We recommend this work to those members of the Rifle Club who are now beginning a systematic course of training in these movements.

* * * *

The editorial staff find it necessary to publish a complaint which has existed since the inception of this magazine, and which will exist until students recognise it as, among other things, a means for fostering literary ambition. Unasked-for contributions, if not entirely non-existent, are at a minimum. Of course we cannot hope for a condition of things in which the editor receives myriads of manuscripts from amateur authors—good, bad, and indifferent—and has set in a conspicuous place beside his office table a waste-paper basket of bulky dimensions, wherein to place the efforts of

those whose conception of idea is magnificent, but whose treatment of the subject lacks the necessary sting, or whose phraseology is really admirable, but whose orthography is at fault, and so on. It would be an impossible task to inquire of every student in the University whether he could write something for the magazine for a multitude of reasons, not the least of which is that the persons asked would in the majority of cases not know what their own talents are. The oft-repeated saw, "You never know what you can do till you try," is applicable here perhaps more than anywhere else. Therefore we urge all who are capable of writing anything to do so without being asked, and call special attention to the correspondence column, where a writer is at liberty to express his views on any subject whatsoever. If there is any response to these words we shall have a magazine the literary work of which does not fall on the shoulders of a few as at present, but which is representative of the whole body of students.

* * * *

Those students to whom copies of the first or second, or both issues, of the magazine have been supplied, and who have not yet paid their annual subscription, are requested to do so at once. Payment may be made to the Editor, Sub-editor, Mr. Barbour, or the janitor.

A Man of Iron.

(A romance dealing with the mysterious manifestations of self-hypnotism in the sublimer spheres of the tellurian sublime. Published under the auspices of the Limelight Penny Press, to popularise the great principle of self-culture).

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Roger Dangerfield, the famous barrister, is passing through Market Square, one December night, when he suddenly comes across the dead body of a man, about forty years. To his horror he recognises it to be that of his friend, Sir Eustace Catt, M.P., who has been stabbed in seven places. Much perturbed by the incident, Roger goes home and decides to lead a new life. Hitherto he had been notorious

in London Clubs for his luxurious habits, but now he rises at 7.30 every morning, and breathes evenly through the nose for five minutes before dressing.

After three weeks of the breathing exercise, Roger adds a few simple lunges to his morning drill. Detective Inspector Frenchard tells him that he has a clue to the death of Sir Eustace, but that the murderer is still at large. Roger sells his London house and takes a cottage in the country where he practises the simple life. He is now lunging ten times to the right, ten times to the left, ten times backwards every morning, besides breathing lightly through the nose during his bath.

One day he meets a Yogi, who tells him

that if he desires to track the murderer he must learn concentration. He suggests that Roger should start by concentrating on the word "Wardrobe," and then leaves this story, and goes back to India. Roger sells his house in the country and comes back to town, where he concentrates for half-an-hour daily in the word "Wardrobe"; besides, of course, persevering with his breathing and lunging exercises. After a heavy morning's drill he is passing through market square when he comes across the body of his old friend, Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., who has been stabbed nine times. Roger returns home quickly and decides to practise breathing through the ears.

CHAPTER XCI.

Preparation.

The appalling death of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., following so closely upon that of Sir Eustace Catt, M.P., meant the beginning of a new life for Roger. This morning drill now took the following form:—

On rising at 7.30 a.m. he sipped a glass of distilled water, at the same time concentrating on the word "wardrobe." This lasted for ten minutes, after which he stood before the open window, breathing alternately through the right ear and left. A vigorous series of lunges followed, together with the simple kicking exercises detailed in Chapter LIV.

These over there was a brief interval of rest, during which our hero, breathing heavily through the back of his neck, concentrated on the word "dough nut." Refreshed by the mental discipline, he rose and stood lightly on the ball of his left foot, at the same time massaging himself vigorously between the shoulders with his right. After five minutes of this he would rest again, lying motionless except for a circular movement of the ears. A cold bath, a brisk rub down and another glass of distilled water, completed the morning training. The murder of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., had sent a thrill of horror throughout England, and hundreds of people wrote indignant letters to the Press, blaming the police for their neglect to discover the assassin. Detective-Inspector Frenchhard, however, was hard at work, and he was inspired by the knowledge that he could always

rely upon the assistance of Roger Dangerfield, the famous barrister, who had sworn to track the murderer down.

To prepare himself for the forthcoming struggle Roger decided, one sunny day in June, to give up the meat diet upon which he had relied so long, and to devote himself entirely to a vegetable regime. With that thoroughness which was now becoming a characteristic of him, he left London and returned to the country, with the intention of making a study of food values.

CHAPTER XCII.

Love Comes In.

It was a beautiful day in July, and the country was looking its best. Roger rose at 7.30 a.m. and performed those gentle, health giving exercises which have already been described in previous chapters. On this glorious morning, however, he added a simple exercise for the elbows to his customary ones, and went down to breakfast as hungry as the proverbial hunter. A substantial meal of five dried beans and a stewed nut awaited him in the fine oak-panelled library, and, as he did ample justice to the banquet, his thoughts went back to the terrible days when he lived the luxurious meat-eating life of the ordinary man about time; to the evening when he discovered the body of Sir Eustace Catt, M.P., and swore to bring the assassin to vengeance; to the day when——. Suddenly he realised that his thoughts were wandering. With iron will he controlled them and concentrated fixedly on the word "doughnut" for twelve minutes. Greatly refreshed he rose and strode out into the sun.

At the door of his cottage a girl was standing. She was extremely beautiful, and Roger's heart would have jumped if he had not had that organ (thanks to twisting exercise 23) under perfect control.

"Is this the way to Denfield?" she asked.

"Straight on," said Roger.

He returned to his cottage breathing heavily through the ears.

CHAPTER XCIII.

Another Surprise.

Six months went by, and the murderer of Sir Joshua Tubbs, M.P., and Sir Eus-

tace Catt, M.P., still remained at large. Roger had sold his cottage in the country and was now in London performing his exercises with regularity, concentrating daily upon the words, "Wardrobe," "Dough-nut," and "Wasp," and living entirely upon proleids.

One day he had the idea that he would start a restaurant in the East End for the sale of meatless foods. This would bring him in touch with the lower classes, among whom he expected to find the assassin of his two oldest friends.

In less than a year the shop was a tremendous success. In spite of this, however, Roger did not neglect his exercises; taking particular care to keep the toes well turned in when lunging ten times backwards. (Exercise 17).

Once, to his joy, the girl whom he had first met outside his country cottage, came in and had her simple lunch of smilopat (ninepence the dab), at his shop. That evening he lunged twelve times to the right instead of ten. One day business had taken Roger to the West End. As he was returning home at midnight through Market Square, he suddenly stopped and staggered back.

A body lay on the ground before him!

Hastily turning it over upon its face, Roger gave a cry of horror.

It was Detective-Inspector Frenchard! Stabbed in eleven places.

Roger hurried madly home, and devised an entirely new set of exercises for his morning drill. A full description of these, however, must be reserved for another chapter.

(To be continued—elsewhere).

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION NOTES.

The activities of this body have not been many during the current term, and few matters of importance have been discussed. One matter, however, claims the attention of all Undergrads the purchase of books from the most satisfactory source.

Mr. McLeod has informed this body that he has not been receiving the support to which he is entitled, and should the patronage of Undergrads not be more liberally extended to him, he feels that he will be unable to continue granting such exceptional terms. Remember:—Big Discount, Big Credit. NO big threats of prosecution to raise scanty sums by levy

and distress. These are only a few of the advantages of dealing with Mr. McLeod.

The students of the University attending the Training College have secured representation for their Association in the Magazine. Owing to a misunderstanding this courtesy was not previously extended to them. The notes of this group of "Mind Moulders," should prove an acquisition to the Magazine.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The close of the second term is now approaching, and it draws nigh the end of the Christian Union year. The almost completed year which has seen abroad moving incidents by flood and field, replete with unrecorded acts of heroism, has executed heavy toll from the members of this union. A large number of our members are serving in one capacity or another with the Australian Imperial Forces, and this experience is not confined only to Queensland. So marked has been the depletion of the numbers of undergraduates throughout Australia, that it has been found impossible to hold a general conference at the end of this year. Proposals have been made that a local conference should be held in each State, but as the practicability of such a course is open to grave doubt, all action has been suspended until fuller information has been received from the central executive in Sydney.

During the last term a number of gentlemen have visited the University for the purpose of addressing the Christian Union. The result has been a large increase in the average number of students attending these meetings. An increase which it is hoped will be maintained during the future.

We welcome to Brisbane two representatives of the Central Executive, Miss Her-ring, and Mr. Wisewold, two energetic workers on behalf of the Christian Union. It is hoped that their stay in this city will be both enjoyable and successful.

The annual meeting of the Union has been fixed for August 30.

TRAINING COLLEGE NOTES.

In times such as these, who can think of anything save war, and perhaps at rare intervals, work! But still we must make an effort to keep an interest in what is

going on around us, and more especially in the doings of the various bodies of students. It is with this idea of keeping in touch with other bodies, and of letting them know our doings, that we contribute these notes.

We held our annual social function at the beginning of this term. Last year we had decided on a river trip, but instead we devoted the money which would have been spent on the outing, to the Patriotic Fund. This year we decided to have our trip, but to work it on a smaller scale, and while making the same levy, to hand over the surplus money to the Belgian Fund. As a result the Belgian Fund will benefit to the amount of over two pounds.

The "Beryl" was chartered, and left the Edward-st. pontoon for a moonlight trip up the river. To describe the various scenes—on the water the moonbeams glancing and glimmering, on the boat the 'lantern dimly burning' (and in our part no lantern at all), would need the skill of an artist. Let it pass.

Supper was served on board, and after going as far as the Indooroopilly Reach, the boat was turned for the home run. At about 10 p.m. the "Beryl" returned to the pontoon, and about sixty persons, students and friends, decided that they had had a glorious time.

Friday is out "At Home" day. We have had a series of adjourned meetings during the lunch hour on that day extending over several weeks. Our chairman has often been taxed to his utmost to maintain order and to enforce his authority while at the same time to keep smiling.

The 'crit.' lessons on Friday afternoons sometimes present strange situations. A bashful man student may have to take a lesson, and when the class arrives he finds that it consists of big girls who have arrived at the giggling stage. In such a case it is hard to 'look at your class.' Or again, a woman student who is certainly not under four feet in height, may be confronted with a large class of boys who are not over six feet, and be expected to overawe them with her eye.

Still, sad things happen, and still the world rolls on.

Correspondence.

NOTE.—The Editor does not identify himself with any opinions expressed in this column, nor will he hold himself responsible for delinquencies in form or matter which manifest themselves herein.

To the Editor, U.Q.M.

There appeared in the last issue of your widely-known and esteemed publication a modest, but effective letter, suggesting, I think—but cannot quite vouch for the fact—the establishment of a tea-club at the 'Varsity. Now this object—if it were the object—appears to me a most laudable one, and one capable of almost indefinite elaboration. But although the letter appeared, from sundry mutterings heard, to have created something of a sensation at the time, the subject has since dropped out of notice, and apparently been relegated to oblivion. I should like, therefore, with your permission, to take this occasion of reviving the project, and at the same time suggesting, with all due humility, a few emendations and improvements which would help, I think, to recommend it to the consciences of undergrads and undergraduatesses.

And first of all, why confine the activities of the proposed club to the procuring of tea? Why not also sandwiches and cake? Or a little fruit—a banana or an apple—in summer? Nay, surely not so fast!" says the reader. "Where summer suggests also soft drinks. "But where is it all going to come from?" Well I think we have gone so far now that we must go a little further, and establish our luncheon supply department on a business footing. And, while I am in such a suggestive frame of mind, surely here is a splendid opening for our energetic women students to do a little in the way of a refreshment stall for the Patriotic Fund. But we should then need more extended arrangements for the kitchen department, and more definite arrangements for accommodation—our scheme being left still, as it were, in the air. Here, I think, the men's common room could be pressed into service, and if extra staff be needed, in the way of errand-boys, scullion-boys, men-of-all-work, etc., I think the University staff could easily supply them. Indeed,

we could surely utilise the services of our engineers and scientists—practical men, all of them—for whose sake chiefly the scheme was first thought of. But with such splendid material at our disposal, I do not think we need limit ourselves even to the refreshment-stall idea. Why not a full-blown restaurant-de-luxe, with dinners from 12 till 2, and meals at all hours?

Having elaborated the idea to this length, I will now, gathering up the scattered threads of the establishment, place the scheme before you in order, filling in the necessary details.

What I would suggest, then, is the establishment of a restaurant at the University. The men's common room would be used as a dining-room, whilst the kitchen and back-stairs department would be accommodated in new premises to be erected at the rear and down below. Meals could be had either within the building or *al fresco* on the lawn outside, in the shade of the sheltering sky. I would suggest a staff as follows:—

The women students to provide a body of waitresses, under the direction of Professor Michie as head waiter. Walter the janitor I would engage as usher, to meet clients at the door, announce them to the head waiter, take their hats, cloaks, etc., and show them to their places. The engineers would provide the underground staff, would stoke the furnaces, chop the wood, carry the water, and occasionally lend a hand at the washing-up and other heavy work. The 'Varsity scientists would do some very useful work in inventing the recipes. These would be under the charge of Professor Steele, whose peculiar duty it would also be to work the electric fans and supply gas for the lighting arrangements. In this latter task he could always have the able assistance of Professor Gibson. The staff of errand-boys would be under the charge of Mr. F. S. W. Cumbræ-Stewart, and it is suggested that it be composed as follows:—Mr. Hawken, Mr. Gray, Mr. Stables, Mr. Molesworth, B.A., and Mr. Alcock. Mr. Mayo would answer the telephone, and propose the toast of "The Staff" on state occasions. Cash-girl—Miss Bage.

That, I think, would complete the staff. Now for the general regulations. The head-waiter, I suggest, would wear a yellow-silk tunic, an apron of green and gold, leather leggings, and tamo'shanter cap to match. The waitresses would wear purple-and-red robes, in the Grecian style, caught in at the waist by a brass band, with funnel sleeves, and coal-scuttle bonnets, and finished off with a flourish. The engine-room and back-kitchen staff would wear black all over, and masks, except on Sundays and holidays, when they would have time to have a wash. The errand-boys would have bottle-green frogged coats, blue vests, purple knee-breeches, and calico leggings to match. So much for uniforms. All goods would be prepared in the very latest war modes. All prices moderate. Deferred and week-end meals 5 per cent. discount, 6d. extra over the 'phone. I would just insert one caution! All tips must be addressed to the head waiter. Any waitress caught misappropriating a tip would be instantly brought before the board of faculties and a fine imposed not exceeding 3d. In default, suspension from lectures for 10 minutes.

And now, having fully explained my scheme, it remains only to add a few valedictory remarks by way of recommendation, and leave the matter to the reader's conscience. And, *imprimis*, consider what an effect such an innovation would have upon the 'Varsity generally. How it would freshen up the students, put new heart into the staff, and in a word, galvanise into new and vigorous life a moribund and decrepit institution. Think what a spectacle it would be to see students, jaded and depressed after two hours hard work at lectures, coming down to enjoy in peace and quietness a hearty meal. Think what a joy it would be to professors and lecturers to come and have daintily-laid refreshments on the lawn, instead of, as at present, rushing over to the Kiosk to be nauseated by a worse-than-American quick-lunch, and to be cheated and over-borne by the vulgar impertinence of uneducated waitresses and cook's assistants. Moreover, our cafe would be open at all hours. It would benefit day and evening students alike. Of course, there would be disadvantages. There are difficulties and drawbacks to every far-seeing and enlightened scheme

of reform. For instance a party of slightly benighted students, arriving at 2 a.m. from a theatre party and demanding supper, or coming in festive mood from an affair at Eschenhagen's, and requiring a "dry cocktail" or "dandy sulphide," or other such light quencher, might perhaps find that the waitresses had closed up rather early and gone home. Or some nonchalant individual, coming late from a mid-day lecture, and demanding poached eggs and a pound of steak, might be informed that the professors had been there before him and had cleared the place of such requisites. But such small disappointments as these are inseparable from all merely human institutions, and should be borne with that philosophic resignation which befits such superior persons as the Queensland Varsity students. Surely not for such trifles will so golden an opportunity be lost of revolutionising the humdrum life of the Varsity! With which parting exhortation I will now leave the matter in the hands of the reader, with just an apology to you, Mr. Editor, for taking up so much of your valuable space.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

HERR RIP VAN WINKLE.

The Editor, "Q.U. Magazine."

Dear Sir,—Recognising as I do the wide spread popularity of your journal, and the exclusive nature of its articles, it would be presumption on my part to find fault with it. Far be it from me in my ignorance to criticise; but may I venture to suggest that one element is wanting. I refer to the inclusion of commercial correspondence on the subject of religion. That this is indispensable is proved by the fact that at least one daily paper devotes an entire page to letters on "Monism," "The Efficacy of Prayer," and similar subjects. The ignorance of the public on such matters is appalling. How many can distinguish between Ogism, which holds that bacteria entered the ark upon the neck of the prehistoric Googoo, and Ogogism which maintains that they entered on foot? Such questions are undoubtedly of supreme importance; yet only the daily

mentioned gives voice to them. Were it not for the page entitled "What 'Courier' readers write," we would never have heard I shudder to think, of Pre-natal Postmortemism"; nor would we have known whether it was Mihat or Toophat who was the first martyr of Boohooism. Before long, doubtless, a chair will be established in Geewism, which is an inquiry into the religious tendencies of marsupials. This should be sufficient to convince you, my dear sir, that to make your journal a complete success, you must include such a column as I have proposed. By doing so you will earn the everlasting—what shall I say?—of your readers.—I am, sir, etc.,
"PIFFLE."

Carmina Non Prius Audita.

A FAREWELL.

I offered thee my soul,
A heart so ardent-bold,
To scale the walls of heaven, or to sound
The deepest blackness of the boundless pit,—
A human soul, and thou rejected'st it.
Long—climbing the steep and rocky paths of
life,
Weary was I of hopeless—seeming strife;
The distant goal, if goal there were,
Seemed far,—too far to seek,
And lost 'mid the clang and stir
Of warring creeds,
Which had almost my mind o'ercome, too weak
For such importunate, mock-heroic needs.
But in thine eyes, the windows of thy soul,
Methought I saw a vision new,—
A heart that mine might shelteringly enfold,
Round which my life in harmony might roll.
We might have wandered hand in hand
Through Nature's secret bowers,
Exhausted all the breadth of all the land,
And tasted of the savours of all flowers:
My life with thine made whole and one,
Might have accomplished
The task in single helplessness begun;
We might have won,
Even from Nature's chideless self, a place
Within her spaceless bounds to build life's
tabernacle;
But thine own self thou could'st not face,
Thy mind could'st not unshackle,
From blinding custom, and the dumb-calling
voice
Of generations. Yet not thine the blame
For my ill-fated choice.

My eye was set towards the distant height;
 Little recked I of thy clear-set round of life,
 Thy heaven-sent tasks, though humble, might
 I would have drawn thee from thy sheltered
 bower

To face with me the rough, uncertain storms,—
 A dainty—precious flower.

I wandered lost among the forms
 Of my own blind conceiving. Not for such,
 Meek dove! didst thou engarnish every hour
 With thy loveliness's dower.

I asked of thee too much, alas too much.
 So came inevitably the end,
 And circumstance us mercifully parted.
 Again on my rough, stumbling path, I started.
 For me there can be now no turning back,
 My strife can never slack

Until the self-appointed goal I gain,
 Or find it not and die in my dumb, hopeless pain.
 If we should meet again on this life's paths,
 We shall be strangers:

Forgive the past; forgive me and forget.
 Me hopes thou wilt, and yet
 Thy image in my heart will e'er remain,
 Thy fairy hands will e'er my soul enchain.
 A potent bond to save my life from shame.
 Thy life is set 'mid calm Elysian fields,
 Where I, with my wild strifes, may enter not,
 Severed almost from mankind's common lot;—
 Our ways lie far apart as Heaven and Hell,
 Yet now, to thy envisioned form at least,
 I bid farewell. COUNTESS DE POLINAC.

THE HEART OF THE BLUE JUM.

I stand alone by the slip-rail,
 By the muddy pond in the park,
 I tow'r o'er the hunch-backed gunyah,
 Where the wild dogs quarrel and bark,
 My feet touch the sandy desert
 I gaze o'er Pacific seas,
 Where'er it may I'm always
 The loveliest of trees.
 The wind sings through my branches
 But I stand erect and cold,
 For my heart was lost in my youth-time
 And suddenly I grew old.
 My heart went out to the vastness
 Of the plains where the stockmen rides,
 Now deep in the looming fastness
 Of the mountains it lurks and hides.
 It stole to the slender curlew
 And its wail became his song,
 It warms by the ghastly ridges
 Where the dingo trots along,

And it finds response in the howling
 The yellow dog makes to the moon,
 And its mourning plaint is echoed
 By the seeds around the lone lagoon.
 I brave the storms of the ages,
 Nor murmur against my doom,
 But know as you pass and greet me
 As the lonely heart's grey tomb.

VIATOR.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

(A STUDY IN SENTIMENT AND REALISM.)

'Twas but yesterday I saw her,
 In a crowded picture-hall,
 And she promised there and then that she'd be
 mine;
 For she laughed and smiled upon me
 And she filled me with delight,
 Until I learnt from you that she was thine,
 It gave me mental guts-ache,
 Just to think of all the love,
 That I'd waster on her e'er I knew the truth:
 For she was to be married
 And I had to say good-bye,
 So I wrote a letter honest but uncouth.
 I cannot tell exactly
 Who it is I ought to blame,—
 It's six of one and half-a-dozen of the other;
 But I know that for a fortnight
 I shall never sleep a wink,
 And till the next time I shall never love another.

—CLAUDE.

APOSTROPHE TO A CLOCK.

Ticking away in the night hours,
 Comforting rhymical beat,
 Telling the joys of its powers,
 Laying old time at its feet.

Sometimes its tones are less cheerful,
 Sometimes its voice lacks in glee;
 Halting its footsteps so fearful,
 Reflecting its bad moods in me.

'Tis then that I curse its existence,
 'Tis then, that I'd choke it with joy,
 When sleep makes a stubborn resistance,
 In spite of all wiles I employ.

Lucky its moods are so changing
 Soon it is joyful again,
 Helping the thoughts I'm arranging,
 Beating a tender refrain.

—TICK TOCK.

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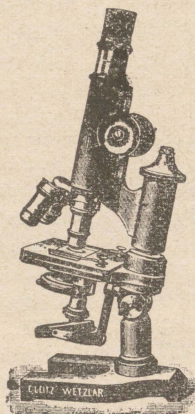
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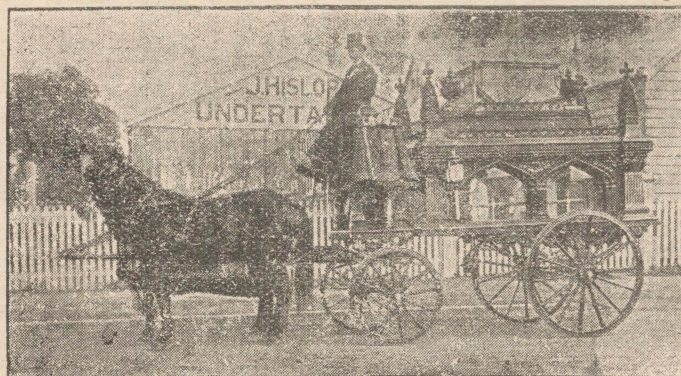
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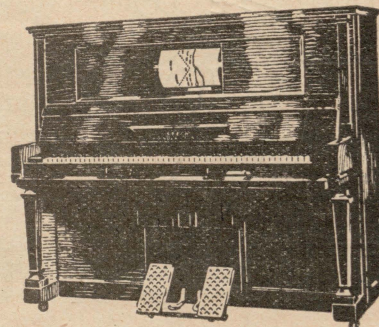
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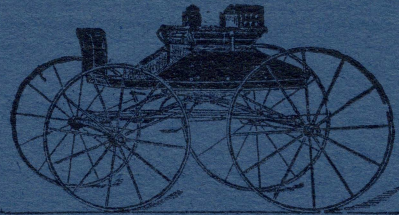
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